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when considered technically and artistically, have been of later date? Then, too, how could Schrenck have pictured this worthy in 1601 wearing the armor, and noted even that he is "now in his fifty-fourth year," with bushy gray hair and beard and wrinkles, if the armor were not of later date than Lochner's death? The fact of the matter is, *me judice*, that Schrenck, like many another catalogist, ancient and modern, made a mistake. In his great work he figures three Radzivils and one of them, the father of our Nicolaus Christoff, is wearing armor distinctly more modern in type than his son's. Now the father died in 1565, and, assuming that Lochner made for him the enameled armor (about 1560), it would have been in the son's hands shortly thereafter, probably in "mint condition." Through him it found its way to the cabinet of Archduke Ferdinand, where as the finest suit of the Radzivil it might well, in a complimentary way, have been ascribed to the living member of the family. Be this as it may (and there is a remote possibility that the armor was made in an old-fashioned way for the younger prince by another member of the Lochner family), we can place in our gallery our bits of the Radzivil panoply at least with the conviction that they are interesting from three points of view—which are rarely combined—historical, technical, and artistic.

B. D.

"THE ASSURANCE OF HOPE"¹

THOSE of us who were brought up under the simpler, sterner, more leisurely methods of the old education, remember learning with awe the fact that when Hannibal, having crossed the Alps (bringing his elephant train with him!), and having defeated the Romans thrice in succession in the Cisalpine plains—at the Ticinus, the Trebia, and at Lake Trazimenus—and, afterwards, all but annihilated them at

¹Les Dons et Legs au Musée du Louvre pendant la guerre, 1914-1918. . . . Notice lue à l'Assemblée Générale de la Société des Amis du Louvre. Le 3 Mars 1920. Par M. Raymond Koehlin, Président de la Société.

Annuaire de la Société des Amis du Louvre, etc. Paris, 1920.

Cannae, at length sat down before the gates of Rome, he learnt with awe, equal to our own, that the very land where his tent was pitched had that morning been sold for a good round price in the Roman Forum! So undying was the faith of Romans in the Gods and Destiny of their Eternal City. It would have been strange if Hannibal had not been a boys' hero as, indeed, he was; but even boyish enthusiasm stood appalled at a confidence such as this on the part of his enemies.

With lapse of years the training told. One came to acquiesce and rejoice in the triumph of Rome, as that of Religion, Law, and disciplined Arms (i.e. of Civilization)—over Carthage, the embodiment of successful commercialism and illimitable material wealth.

It is with amazement, not un-akin to that old awe, that one reads the gallant tale told by M. Koehlin, in his address to the "Friends of the Louvre," detailing the gifts made to that noble citadel of art in the darkest hours of the fortunes of France and "The City" during the late war.

These, of whatever sort, were temporarily assembled in the Salon Lacaze (its proper contents being for the moment removed)—and M. Koehlin tells us that the public was amazed beyond words at the value and extent of this accretion of four years war!—bequests, gifts, acquisitions—these last, obviously, few. He voices this mute amazement thus—"The pictures, sculptures, objects of art, here assembled, form, in themselves, a museum, such as only the richest cities could rival. Almost the whole cycle of human art is here represented in prime examples—ancient Egypt and Greece, and far-off China, Japan, too, and Persia—to say nothing of Italy and Flanders, Holland, and—*la France!* A wonderful and characteristic tribute of her people to their undying confidence in the yet unaccomplished mission of *La Patrie* and *La Ville Lumière!*"

M. Koehlin groups these war-treasures roughly as follows—entire, comprehensive, private collections, notably those of Baron Schlichting, and the Marquise Arconati-Visconti, who, he finely says, have "de-

creed that all their life's glory should be transferred to the Louvre"; next, smaller collections of particular classes of objects, of only perfect pieces; then, more general collections—exquisite specimens of many forms of art; lastly, individual pieces each the crown of its own collection, selected because the best to be offered to the perpetual custody of the nation.

Among these are pictures of all the great ages—representative or immortal things—from the unchallengeable Princes of the Art down to the pathetic memorial of the hardly closed war—Maurice Denis's *La Foi et l'Espérance conduisant les Soldats de France*; and, among moderns of pre-war date, Renoir's *Portrait de Mme. Charpentier*, the study for that possessed by the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Then there is the inevitable quota of the pious spoil of the Middle Age—ivories and enamels—chalices and reliquaries—statues and shrines; and of that of its crusading foe, the Moslem, who, having assimilated the art of Eastern Rome, achieved one of his own, as distinctive and beautiful as the

Christened Goths evolved from their assimilation of the West.

And there are examples of that other art, in which East and West co-operated, working on one of the prime human needs—pottery, ceramics, faience—starting with that of Iran, near the cradle of the race, and tracing its radiant course through Mediterranean lands, from "Rhages of the Medes" to the gates of the New World—Ceuta and Gibraltar—a way distinct with "patins," more precious than "bright gold," from Damascus and Rhodes, from Faenza and Deruta, from Manises and Valencia. And so the tale of wonder grows.

Of purchases, most stress seems laid (and rightly) on that of Courbet's "L'Atelier," saved, by patriotic effort, for the National collection. It was being held by the interested at a ruinous price, and must have left the country but for the heroic generosity of certain *Amis du Louvre*, notably their Vicepresident, the Count de Camondo, MM. Zoubalov, David Weil, Fenaile, Ernest May, Noetzelin, Comiot, and others, who defeated the project, but at terrific cost.

R. T. N.

RECENT ACCESSIONS

A PICTURE BY SULLY. Musidora,¹ a picture of extraordinary charm by Thomas Sully, has recently been given to the Museum by Louis Allston Gillet in memory of his uncles Sully Gillet and Lorenzo M. Gillet. A famous painting of the same subject by Gainsborough is in the National Gallery, London. In Thomson's *Summer*, published 1727, coy Musidora appears. Damon, her baffled lover, is almost in despair until by chance he comes upon her in the forest,

For, lo! conducted by the laughing loves
This cool retreat his Musidora sought;
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glowed,
And rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.

¹Oil on wood. H. 28½ in.; W. 22½ in. Signed: TS 1835. Gift of Louis Allston Gillet, in memory of his uncles, Sully Gillet and Lorenzo M. Gillet, 1921.

Her lover's delicacy upon this occasion so pleased the damsel that she at once accepted his proffered love.

Sully painted Musidora in 1835. Evidently he made some changes later, for in a letter dated April 9, 1844, to L. W. Gillet, the purchaser of the picture, he writes of "taking advantage of your suggestions to endeavor its correction." The letter comes to the Museum with the painting. H. B. W.

FOUR AMERICAN PAINTINGS. Each of the four American paintings recently purchased from the Hearn Fund represents its author at a characteristic and fortunate period. The Old Duchess by George Luks was included in his exhibition in 1905 which drew enthusiastic praise from James Huneker. It is a study of a picturesque character known about Jefferson Market as a benevolent frequenter of the courtroom. A fine example of the work of John